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100,000 FEET OF LUMBER.

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We sell flour, salt and groceries at Wholesale as well as Retail.

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Respectfully Solicited.

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Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children Specialties.

Medicines all furnished. No Drug Store Bills. Charges Reasonable.

I will also do all kinds of Dental Work at reasonable prices.

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Of Nervous and Seminal Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Memory, &c., &c.

CURE YOURSELF! Receive & address for full treatment. See Time and Money saved. 1000 Quackery BOOK and Trial Package of Rhometa FREE. Address: Dr. T. WILLIAMS, Milwaukee, Wis.

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and all BRUISES COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Price Variable: No Strain. Price 25c. All Druggists.

FREE CORN SHELTER.

The "Shelter" is a small, portable, and easily carried, and is the only one that is not made of wood. To introduce it into every town at once we will send one Shelter, prepaid, to any person who will agree to show it to their friends and send to the name of Free Corn Shelter. Address: ADAMS MANUFACTURING CO., FORTY-FOUR, CHICAGO.

THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE

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THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES

PERFECT SATISFACTION

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PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR

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TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bile, costiveness, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fatigues after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fluctuating of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with a full dream, Highly colored Urine, and

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

CAPITOL BUILDING BURNED.

The New Jersey State House in Princeton—Records Ruined, but the old Battle Flags Rescued at the Risk of the Lives of the Brave Firemen—Lost \$100,000.

Trenton, March 21.—A large portion of the Capitol building burned early this morning. The flames were extinguished after a four hours' fight. The loss will be enormous. The Chancery office, containing all the records of the courts, State deeds, etc., was destroyed. Two explosions were heard in the Quartermaster General's office, on the first floor, at the northwest corner of the State House, at 3 this morning, which were soon followed by flames that shot through the windows. In ten minutes the apartment was in ruins. The flames followed the steam pipes to the floor above, and quickly set fire to the offices of the Clerk in Chancery. From there the fire extended to the Geological Museum on the third floor. In this were many valuable State relics, but the most valuable had been sent to the New Orleans Exposition a month ago. The battle flags were rescued by firemen at the risk of their lives. The sword and saddle of General Kearney were destroyed. The fire then moved back toward the dome, and it looked as though the Supreme Court room and the Legislative chambers would have to go. The books and documents were removed hastily from the offices of the Comptroller of the State Treasury and Secretary of State. The fire was finally checked about 7 o'clock, although the engines are still playing on the ruins in order that access may be had to the chancery vaults, where exceedingly valuable papers relating to thousands of estates are kept. The vaults were not burned, but they are believed to be full of water, which will cause almost as much damage as fire. The loss will fall below \$100,000. The part destroyed is a facade of the original State house of 1795. Only the museum, Quartermaster General's office and the chancery office were completely destroyed and the other departments somewhat damaged by water. The Chancery and Supreme Court rooms and Senate chambers remain intact. The entire building was worth \$500,000. A liberal insurance was on the structure. The explosion in the Quartermaster's room is thought to have been caused by confined gas, which in some way became ignited.

The Old, Old Story.

Why do we hear so much about dyspepsia? Simply because so many people have it. Why are so many people talking about their cure from this dreadful dreadful disease? Simply because they have been taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Thus it is with Mrs. Taylor, of Lynchburg, Sumter Co., S. C., who says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia with favorable results. I believe this medicine is all that it is represented to be. I sympathize and suffer from neuralgia, weakness, etc., should try it."

The number of applications for post-mortems is so great that the Postmaster General has been compelled to detail a special force of employees to file them.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

ANNIE ROBERTSON MOORE.

Walk my way across the fields,
Which once the moss mark under foot;
But now no foot or bloom it yields—
Dead lies each tender shrub and root.
But near the fountain stream I pause
And smile to note the power of frost;
I gaze on Winter thus because
No flower or fern Love's year hath lost.

A warbling black-bird overhead
Fills through the chilling realms of space;
His mate is false, or he is dead—
Yet memory bids him haunt the place.
I look toward further rim of trees,
Then on cold rivers look below;
But my fond eye no dreamer sees—
My heart leaps green beneath the snow.
Thy guiding hand I follow it so.

I walked my way across the fields,
Over-tangled with the Summer's vine;
From sunshine now the aureol shields,
The rippling grape pours out its wine;
But near the running brook I pause
And sigh to see each rush and blade.
I gaze on Summer thus because
Deep in my heart a grave is made.

A warbling black-bird overhead
Fills through the balmy air to rest;
Where in some far green nook are spread
Love's wings to hide him in her nest,
I look toward further rim of trees:
On flowing rivers murmuring low;
At my dim eye no garden sees—
My heart is cold beneath the snow;
Thy hand at parting left it so.

Love hath two seasons, bloom and frost;
The spell of Winter—w. m. of Spring;
A bigger counts the lost.
Or a veil on his throne, a king!
Through hill and valley stir with bloom,
The heart in icy depths must dwell,
When love lies withering in his tomb,
An snow-drifts melt when all is well.

An Indian Widow's Slave.

Distant from the country of the Natchitoches Indians 150 leagues to the northwest, some 160 years ago, lay the land of the Attakapas nation; of whom the old French historians of Louisiana relate that they were anthropophagi, or man-eaters. It was among these people that M. de Belle Isle, chevalier of the royal and military order of St. Louis, and subsequently major general of the troops of the marine in Louisiana and major of New Orleans, an officer who served for forty-five years in the colony with the highest merit and distinction, dwelt for two years a captive, and the slave of a widow of the nation.

The story of M. de Belle Isle occupies a special place in the chronicles and records of the early annals of Louisiana. It even formed the theme for two or three sentimental romances and idylls. Its currency in France may have been due to the contrast it presented to the ordinary phases of life familiar to the courtiers of Louis XV., who, cloyed perhaps with the monotony of the dissipation of a sumptuous civilization and the artificial atmosphere of life at Versailles, saw in the narrative of a youthful French officer of noble family dwelling an enforced guest for two years among cannibals (real or so declared) in the primitive simplicity of the golden age—the slave of an elderly widow—a poignant change from their own rapid existence.

In one of the several versions of the chevalier's adventure, a copper-plate engraving represents him as parting from the widow—a tearful scene, indeed, with a foreground of human arms and legs lying about, mute witnesses to the anthropophagous tastes of the Attakapas. The "Nouveaux Voyages aux Indes Occidentales," written by Chevalier Bossu, captain of troops of the marine in Louisiana, has presented this pictorial reminiscence of M. de Belle Isle's experience.

It was in the year 1719 that the chevalier's fortunes led him, an ambitious young ensign in the service of the India company, to the then almost untrodden wild—untrodden by the foot of the European—of Louisiana. New Orleans, at that time a mere collection of huts, barracks, and officers' quarters with an occasional house offering some pretensions to architectural symmetry, had been founded only the previous year, and the seat of government was still at Biloxi, on the Mississippi sound, where Bienville resided and exercised the duties of Governor of the colony. M. de Belle Isle had sailed from the port of L'Orient, in France, in an expedition composed of a thousand people—soldiers, civilians, etc.—sent out by the company to people the colony. The expedition was bound for the Mississippi and New Orleans, but even as many years previously, La Salle had missed the mouth of the great river, so was the ship, on which the chevalier sailed driven by currents and contrary winds far to the westward. It was at the Bay of St. Bernard (now Matagorda bay, in Texas), finally, that the captain of the bark, the drinking water having given out, came to anchor and sent the ship's yawl ashore to obtain water.

Taking advantage of this temporary stoppage, M. de Belle Isle, M. de Charleville, a Canadian, and an experienced explorer, the Sieur Silvestre, a sergeant of the military detachment, and another officer disembarked, with a view of passing the intervening hours, before the vessel's departure in the chase. The ship was to sail the next day, and the captain informed them that in the evening he would discharge several musket shots so that they might know their bearings, and on the following day he would fire the cannon as a signal for the bark's departure two hours later.

M. de Belle Isle and two of his companions, contrary to the advice of the fourth man of the party, M. de Charleville, who, however, accompanied them, plunged into the depths of the forest in pursuit of deer. Sundown found them lost in the intricacies of the woods. They heard, it is true, the firing of the muskets, as the captain had promised, but these discharges, like will o' the wisp of sound, only served to lure them to their ruin, for, as the reports seemed to come from an opposite direction, they were led by the delusive sounds still deeper into the gloomy forest. They went onward they listened, but in vain, for the beating of the waves on the shore. Finally night overtook them, and they slept where the shadows found them.

At daybreak their ears were greeted by a remote, muffled roar. It was the discharge of the cannon—the signal that in two hours the ship would sail. The report of the cannon, like the musket shots of the preceding evening, only caused the belated men to wander still farther from the shore. The virgin forest, as if glad of the companionship of these men of a race strange to it, opened its arms before them. They entered its embraces, and were lost.

Meanwhile, the captain, although impatient at the delay, waited for them until the afternoon; and at last, when the rays of the evening sun fell slanting, like arrows of light, through the trees nearest to the beach, the ship's sails were spread and her prow turned to sea.

Still wandering to and fro, Belle Isle

and his companions, by some chance, perhaps that same night, perhaps the next day, found themselves again on the beach. But no ship was there to receive them. "I leave you to imagine our despair" (to translate from M. de Belle Isle's own words, as preserved by one of the French chroniclers of that day.) "when we found ourselves in an unknown country, on a desert coast, uninhabited, perhaps, by cannibals. We passed several days in this institution, living on only insects and distasteful roots. We had with us a young hunting dog which was very much attached to me; we were devoured with hunger; my companions desired to kill him, so as to have food for a few days. I offered him as a sacrifice to our necessities. One of my comrades seized the animal, but so weak was he that, in endeavoring to thrust a knife into the dog, the latter slipped from his grasp and ran off into the woods. The three officers perished with hunger, one after the other, and was only owing to the vigor of my constitution that I survived them. Worn out with fatigue and privation. I wandered into the forest, feeding on insects which I found on decayed wood.

"A few days after the death of my companions I saw in the distance my dog. He held a wood rat in his mouth, and, running to meet me with great demonstrations of delight, he laid his prey at my feet. These rats, which are about the size of a sucking pig, furnish a sufficiently good quality of food. After having regaled myself with the animal, I constructed a small intrenchment at the foot of a tree, so as to protect myself from the attacks of beasts of prey during the night, and, with my dog keeping watch at my side, I went to sleep.

"While going to and fro in the forest I noticed foot-prints of men. I followed them until I reached the shore of a river, and finding there a canoe I crossed the stream in it. In my wanderings I finally came to the country of the Attakapas, a savage and barbarous nation, whose name indicates their customs, for it means 'eaters of men.' These members of the nation whom I encountered I found engaged in barbecuing human flesh, but my leanness happily saved my life. They contented themselves with despoiling me of my clothes, which they divided among their number. Then they conducted me to their village, where a widow, who had passed the heyday of her youth, took me for her slave. They wished me to share with them in the detestable dishes of which they partook at their meals, but I preferred fish, which I ate with avidity. Little by little I began to recover my strength; but I fell into an extreme melancholy, always fearing that my hosts would sacrifice me to their idols, and would then feast on my flesh. My imagination was excited by the terrible spectacle of these barbarians who made banquets of their prisoners. They held a council, and the result was that they decided that it would be cowardly to take the life of a man who had not come among them to inflict injury upon them, but, on the contrary, to seek their hospitality.

"I was young and vigorous. I performed my duties as a slave satisfactorily, and I succeeded in winning the good graces of my mistress, who adopted me as her son, gave me my liberty, and thus conferred on me the recognition of a member of the nation. On the war path I earned the esteem of the Indians by my skill and courage.

"Two years after my arrival among the Attakapas we received a visit from envoys from a neighboring nation, Among them were some who had seen Frenchmen. They spoke of the French, and I overheard their conversation. By chance, I had preserved in a box my commission as officer. I made a pen of a crow's quill, and with ink which I manufactured from soot I wrote the following words on the reverse of the commission: 'I am M. de Belle Isle, who was abandoned at the Bay of St. Bernard. My companions died, in my presence, of grief and hunger. I am a captive among the Attakapas.'

"I handed this paper to one of the envoys, assuring him that it was a 'talking-paper,' and that if he would take it to one of the French chiefs he would be well received and rewarded. The Indian started off. His companions tried to take the paper from him, but he escaped them by swimming a river, holding the letter aloft out of the water so as not to wet it. After a journey of 150 leagues he reached the nearest French post and delivered the paper to the officer in command, who received him very kindly. After the perusal of the message, the French who heard it read began to cry and lament after the manner of the Indians. The Indians present asked them what they were grieving for their brother, who had been for two years a prisoner among the Attakapas. The Indians offered to come in search of me, and the one who had brought my letter promised to guide them. They left at once to the number of ten, mounted on good horses and armed with muskets. On their arrival at our village, they made their presence known by discharging their muskets several times. The Attakapas mistook the reports of the guns for thunder. They gave me a letter, in which I was told to fear nothing from the Indians who had brought it, and to surrender myself to their guidance with all confidence. The Attakapas, terrified by the reports of the guns, did not dare to oppose my abduction, and I mounted a horse without any resistance on their part.

"The woman who had adopted me burst into tears, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could tear myself away from her arms. The Indians who brought me back to my people were rewarded. The Attakapas received a present from M. de Bienville, who was then the governor of Louisiana, and they sent him a peace deputation, among whom I was as charmed as surprised to find my old adopted mother. They came to thank the governor and to form an alliance with the French. The chief of the embassy addressed M. de Bienville, pointing to me as he spoke: 'The white man whom you see here, my father is your flesh and blood. He had been joined to us by adoption. His brothers died of hunger, but they had been met by nation they would be still alive and in the enjoyment of the same privileges.'

"Since that period these people have always treated us with humanity, and we have induced them to abandon the barbarous custom of eating human flesh. When they come to New Orleans they are well received, in recognition of the good treatment which I received at their hands while in their country; for, but for them, I should have suffered, perhaps the unfortunate fate that befell my companions."

A sharp point—a needle's